Horatius F. (2) K.. 8 Sheets 1/2 9

THE MISER's FEAST.

THE EIGHTH SATIRE

OF THE

Second BOOK of *HORACE* Imitated.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The AUTHOR and the POET LAUREAT.

Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio: cum jam ſexta ſervice feratur
Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ pene cathedrâ,
Et multum referens de Mecænate ſupino
Signator, falſo qui ſe cautum atque beatum
Exiguis tabulis & gemma fecerat uda? Juv. Sat. I.

Wou'd it not make a *peaceful* poet *write*,
Indite, ev'n in the *Commons*, and *indite*;
His *injur'd* eyes ſhou'd ſome *black* chariot fix,
Attended by *three* horſe, and drawn by *ſix*;
Where like *Mecænas*, lolling at his eaſe,
With glaſſes drawn, the *dext'rous* knave he ſees;
*Who *cancel'd* an *old* will, and *forg'd* a *new*,
The *wax* ſtill *hot*, the *ſigning* moiſt as *Dew*!

*This whole Line is taken from Mr. Dryden's *Tranſlation*.

By GEORGE OGLE, Eſq;

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head, Pall-Mall*. 1737.
[Price One Shilling.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE character HEINSIUS gives of this ſatire, might ſtand for a ſufficient argument to it. *Tota autem, quanta eſt, ſcripta eſt ex nobis. Hoc eſt omnino morata, ita ut ad vivum vaniſſimi ac* mendaciſſimi oſtentatoris, *ſimulque* ſordidiſſimi *hominis mores ob oculos ponat.* For, undoubtedly, there is a peculiar life and pleaſantry that reign throughout this piece; and HORACE's view was, as certainly, to expoſe, in all his colours, a man, whoſe *vanity* and *oſtentation* were to be *equal'd* by nothing but his *inſincerity* and *avarice*. DACIER, who builds upon this ſentiment of HEINSIUS, conſiders this ſatire in the ſame light. He calls it an admirable picture of a *miſer*, who makes an *abſurd oſtentation* of his *wealth*; who piques himſelf upon *reſining* in *good* living, yet *ſtarves* the company he propoſes to *entertain*. But the ſame ingenious critic acknowledges, that ſome perſons, even of wit and learning, have maintained, that *avarice* had no part in the character of NASIDIENUS; that he was a man who had effectually given a *ſplendid treat*, yet ſpoil'd it by a *fooliſh affectation* of commending it himſelf. But whoever caſts an eye on his remarks, will find that their opinion is incompatible with the whole turn of this piece; which *expoſes* at once the moſt *ſordid avarice*, and the moſt *execrable taſte*; and he will ſoon agree with DACIER, that the *entertainment* was as *improper*, and *groſs*, as the *maſter* was *impertinent* and *ridiculous*.

SANADON follows DACIER in this opinion. This Satire, ſays that learned father, is a moſt agreable ſcene. NASIDIENUS, a *man* of *wealth*, but a *miſer* of *bad taſte*, puts himſelf to the charge of regaling MECÆNAS. He gives him for company VARIUS, FUNDANIUS, and VISCUS, all three diſtinguiſhable for their merit, and all three followers of MECÆNAS. MECÆNAS brings with him SERVILIUS BALATRO, and VIBIDIUS. To theſe ſeven actors were join'd NOMENTANUS and PORCIUS, *paraſites* to NASIDIENUS. The feaſt was ſuch as might be expected from a *miſer*, who is *deſirous*, at the ſame time, to make a *ſhow* of *generoſity*. There is *great* profuſion; but a profuſion of *bad* things: In the midſt of which every gueſt *dies of hunger*. The diſhes are either *ſtale*, *ill-choſen*, or *ill-dreſt*. It is commonly ſaid, that there is no ſuch living as at a *miſer's feaſt*; but whatever may be ſaid; it is difficult for a man to *ſtrip himſelf*, *all at once*, of *himſelf*; ſome *glance* of *avarice* will always ſtrike thro' the *veil* of *prodigality*; a *prodigality* put on only for a *day*, and affected meerly out of *oſtentation*. HORACE ſhows great addreſs in the choice he makes of the perſon who gives the detail of this entertainment. FUNDANIUS was a man of wit and humour, and of a turn to let nothing, of ſo *ridiculous* a farce paſs, *unobſerv'd*. He was, beſides, one of the beſt *comic* poets of the age, and one, who, having us'd, all his life, the converſe of the *beſt* company, could not fail having the ſtrongeſt *diſreliſh* for the *worſt*.

The imitator of this ſatire has but two things to add, by way of preparing the reader to a candid peruſal. He rather choſe, out of meer reſpect to ſome perſons of figure and reputation, to make uſe of the names mention'd in HORACE, than to introduce them into ſuch bad company; tho' they were only introduced on a *laughing* ſcheme. The other is, that, as it may be ſuppos'd, HORACE drew this picture of NASIDIENUS, from the many obſervations he had made, at different times, of his *vanity!* his *oſtentation!* his *inſincerity!* his *avarice!* his *affectation!* his *ſordidneſs!* his *baſe* heart! his *low* taſte! his *outward* generoſity! and *inward* penury! in order to *paint* the whole man at *length*, and to form one intire piece: So the author hopes the ſame indulgence will be given him, if he fairly owns that the application is a repreſentation of a *Prieſt*'s whole *life*, not of any one ſingle *day*; poets, as well as painters, being oblig'd to unity of time and place, would they execute a regular and uniform deſign. Perſons and names, years and days, places and occurances, ſhall be more exactly obſerv'd, whenever the author finds leiſure to publiſh an *hiſtorical* account of the *life* and *converſation* of this great *light* and *ornament* of the *church*.

MISER's FEAST.

AUTHOR.

WELL, [1] Laureat, was the day in clover ſpent?
How far'd you with the *Prieſt*? the *Prieſt* (of *Trent*?
A chearful friend, [3] deſirous to invite,
I heard you [4] was engag'd for *noon* and *night*.
Plenty of *meat* and *wine*, [5] no doubt, you found,
Now he has *made* [2] a hundred thouſand pound.

Sat. VIII. Lib. II.

Horatius & Fundanius.

Hor. *Ut Naſidieni juvit te cæna* [1]
Beati? [2]
Nam mihi convivam quærenti, [3]
Dictus here illic [4]
De medio potare die. [5]

POET LAUREAT.

Such treatment![5] (cou'd my mem'ry keep the ſcore)
As never in my [7] life I found before.
An entertainment, ſo exact and rare;
Wou'd I had copied the whole bill of fare!

AUTHOR.

Then,[8] not to load you with too large a weight,
Say, was you ſerv'd on pewter, or on plate?
What was your firſt remove,[9] of fowl or fiſh?
Or recollect, at leaſt, the ſtanding diſh?

POET LAUREAT.

The *ſervice* was of *ſilver*, as I think;
But *old* of *faſhion*, and as *black* as ink.
Before his *good* friend's [10] *wife* a *haunch* was ſet,
" From *Sherwood* ſent, and of a right fumet."
The diſh with [13] capors and horſeradiſh grac'd;
All that [15] could ſtimulate the deaden'd taſte.

The

Fund. *Sic, ut mihi nunquam* 6
In vita fuerit melius. 7
Hor. *Dic, ſi grave non eſt,* 8
Quæ prima iratum ventrem
Placaverit eſca. 9
Fund. *In primis Lucanus aper:* 10
Leni fuit Auſtro
Captus, 11

The plain [14] *Terrene* a plumy fallad crown'd,
With muſhrooms, olives, mangoes, garniſh'd round.
Side-plates of turnips, carrots, greens, replete;
Oil and anchove, [16] vinegar and beet.
" 'Twas kill'd at night, [11] and brought a hundred miles,
" The wind at ſouth, which tenders, but not ſpoils!
" 'Tis larded, and ſeems lean—but then you know
" *French* cooks, with her own fat, ſtill lard the doe.
" Chuſe you this ſauce or that? Be pleas'd to eat
" Gravy or jelly? ſavory or ſweet?"
Thus [12] *flouriſhes* the *maſter* of the feaſt;
But none *diſtruſts* his *noſe*, who *knew* the *Prieſt*.

Mean time the boy, [17] as ſecond plates go round,
His neck with [18] crape of his good maſter bound,
(Thus ſpruc'd, from rubbing horſes at an inn)
With fragments [22] fills the basket lin'd with tin.

Imagine

Ut aiebat cœnæ pater; 12
Acria circum 13
Rapula, lactucæ, radices; 14
Qualia laſſum pervellunt ſtomachum: 15
Siſer, alec, fæcula coa. 16
Hi ubi ſublatis, 17
Puer altè cinctus, 18

Imagine not (the reason if you ſeek)
To feaſt the family from week to week;
No!: to lay up in heav'n a larger ſtore;
For, *but believe him*, 'tis to feed the poor.

Alike, his neat exactneſs to commend,
That nought be left to waſte or [23] to offend,
From ſide-board call'd, [21] the coachman-butler comes,
And grubs, from huckaback, [19] the ſcatter'd crumbs;
" With damask napkin, [20] Wrought in *Iriſh* loom,
" And ſprinkled (ſays our hoſt) with wet perfume."
But 'twas a ſcent ſo grateful to the noſe!
Nought cou'd exceed the *compound*, but his *toes*!

Then grim *Gaboon*, [27] his valet at command,
Sneeks round and round, with ſalver in his hand;
(Not his own brother, [24] with ſuch *hanging* look,
And *ſhuffling* gate, [25] ſtep'd forth to *kiſs* the book.)

Him

Acernam 19
Gauſape purpureo menſam perterſit; 20
Et alter 21
Sublegit quodcunque jaceret inutile, 22
Quodque
Poſſet cœnantes offendere; 23
Ut Attica virgo 24
Cum ſacris Cereris, 25

Him [29] *Michael* follows, with [26] deliberate tread;
And one deals out the white, and one the red.
Ask you what wine? oh! what? [28] but brisk *Champaine*,
Neat *Burgundy*, [30] that never *croſs'd* the main!

On this [31] our *vap'ring* Landlord takes the word;
And " Sir (he blunders) I wou'd ſay my Lord!
" Your Grace! My beſt of Patrons, and of Friends!
" Taſte both". (and both he highly recommends)
" But ſome require, [33] the ſtomach to ſupport,
" And brace the nerves, ſtrong mountain, [32] or full port.
" With theſe [34] our *little* vaults are *amply* ſtor'd,
" *Poor plenty!* [35] ſuch as *Parſons* can afford!

AUTHOR.

The [36] *wretch* ſpoke like *himſelf*, it is allow'd;
Sordidly gen'rous! *ſervile*, and yet proud!

Procedit 26
Fuſcus *Hydaſpes*, 27
Cæcuba vina ferens: 28
Alcon, 29
Chium, Maris expers. 30
Hic herus; Mæcenas, 31
Albanum, ſive falernum, 32
Te magis appoſitis delectat; 33
Habemus utrumque. 34
Divitias miſeras! 35
Hor. *Divitias miſeras!* 36

But, [37] tell me, *Colly*, for I long to hear,
What was your company, as well as chear?

POET LAUREAT.

Firſt Madam, as before, the table grac'd;
Mæcenas at her carving hand was plac'd.
Next *Balatro*, [39] *Vibidius* took his ſeat;
Mæcenas brought them to *enjoy* the treat.
Then on her left, [38] your Servant; *Varius* then;
Then *Viſcus*; a full compliment of ten!
For laſt the *Prieſt*, [40] with *back* againſt the *light*,
D—t on his *left*, and *G--b--s* on his *right*.

This ſpecial pair the *Doctor* ſtill attend;
Each as his *flatt'rer*, lawyer, *witneſs*, friend.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

D—t

Sed queis cænantibus unà,
Fundani, pulchre fuerit tibi, noſſe laboro. 37
Fund. *Summus ego, & prope me Viſcus Turinus, & infra*
(Si memini) Varius; 38
Cum Servilio Balatrone
Vibidius, quos Mæcenas adduxerat umbras: 39
Nomentanus erat ſuper ipſum; *Porcius infra,* 40
Ridiculus 41
Totas ſimul abſorbere placentas. 42

D——t, [41] a *ſhrew'd* ſpark, *demure* as at a *meeting*,
One turn'd to prove the *pudden* by the *eating*;
As well to ſate his *rage*, as pay his *court*;
Not *Dummy*'s Gueſt ſo true a fund of ſport!
While, long and lank, [42] he makes an oſtrich Stoop,
And ſwallows a whole cuſtard at a ſwoop.

G--b--s the pow'rs [43] of *unknown* ſauce explor'd,
And [45] *index'd* every dainty round the board;
And this how dreſt! [44] and that how rare! explain'd,
With finger deep in ink, [46] *full deeply, ſtain'd:*
For we ſeem'd all to own, [47] that every diſh,
Whether of roaſt or boil'd, [49] of fowl or fiſh,
(We! [48] whom he held the *unenlighten'd* crew!)
Conceal'd [50] a *different* taſte from what we *knew*.
A truth [51] he ſoon oblig'd me to atteſt;
While, [54] croſſing ev'ry intervening gueſt,

Full

Nomentantus ad hoc, 43
Qui, ſi quid forte lateret, 44
Indice 45
Monſtraret digito. 46
Nam cætera turba, 47
Nos, inquam, 48
Cœnamus aves, conchylia, piſces, 49
Longe diſſimilem noto celantia ſuccum. 50
Ut vel continuo patuit, 51

Full on my plate a [52] roaſted crab he lays;
With ſmelt of turbot [53] ſtuff'd, and roe of plaice!
For 'twas, as he *affirm'd*, and might have *ſwore*,
Such as, in truth, [53] I never *touch*'d before.

Then ſtrait he taught[56] the times for greens or roots,
What beſt for garden, what for orchard fruits;
" Pluck non-pareils, [58] he cries, with moon at wane,
" So ſhall they long [57] preſerve a crimſon ſtain!"
But [59] what great uſe in that diſcov'ry lies,
He, [60] or his *Maſter*, only can deviſe!
" For *all* theſe *niceties*, the *Slave* proceeds,
" The [61] *Doctor* has as pat as *all* his *creeds*.

Vibidius then to [62] *Balatro* drew near,
And, half aloud, half whiſp'ring in his ear;
" Our

Cum paſſeris aſſi, atque 52
Inguſtata mihi 53
Porrexerit 54
Ilia rhombi. 55
Poſt hoc me docuit 56
Melimela rubere minorem 57
Ad lunam delecta. 58
Quid hoc interſit, 59
Ab ipſo 60
Audieris melius. 61

" Our hour is come! but, with our lateſt breath,
" Let's perſecute the author of our death.
" Without revenge, [64] or pity, we ſhou'd die,
" Unleſs we drank [63] this common pois'ner dry—
" Come, [65] to the founder! briskly let it paſs!
" Boy, fill me to the top yon half-pint glaſs.
" Good *Doctor* lend your ſcrue to free the cork."
For *Sam* was drudging at it with a fork.

'Twas then a deadly [66] *pale* his face o'erſpread;
For, of all gueſts, [67] the *toper* was his *dread.*
Not for the cauſe you readily aſſign;
" Not, on his *faith*, that he *begrudg'd* his *wine*;
" But that the *appetite* [69] full glaſſes *wrong*,
" And *blind* the *taſte*, [68] and *much miſlead* the *tongue.*"

Tum Vibidius Balatroni, 62
Nos, niſi damnoſe bibimus, 63
Moriemur inulti; 64
Et calices poſcit majores. 65
Vertere pallor
Tum parochi faciem, 66
Nil ſic metuentis ut acres
Potores: 67
Vel quod maledicunt liberius; 68
Vel
Fervida quod ſubtile exſurdant vina palatum. 69

* And once his *own* example *prov'd* the rule;
For *wine* once *ſhow'd* the *man*, half *knave*! half *fool*!
A *knave* is always *fool*; wine *drew* the veil:
All *Nottingham* is witneſs to the tale.
Where, high *exalted* with *election liquor*,
The *ſteadfaſt* Prieſt produc'd a *turncoat* vicar;
Then firſt his *little* arts were known to *fail*;
For *Burgundy* had over-pow'r'd his *ale*;
And, but in honour of the cloth, his Grace,
Had thrown the level'd bumper in his face:
His *geſture*, *ſpeech*, ſo *petulant*, ſo *pert*!
Had he been ſtripp'd and laſh'd, 'twas his deſert.

Vibidius thus gave [71] *Balatro* the cue;
He takes the jeſt; and [72] all the jeſt purſue;

So,

Invertunt allifanis vinaria tota 70
Vibidius Balatroque, 71
Secutis omnibus: 72

* This particular inſtance of the ill effects of wine, is not, indeed, in the original; but as this is a very notorious example of the rule which *Horace* makes *Naſidienus* lay down (in order, it is true, to ſave his wine, yet, in all other reſpects, a good precaution againſt intemperance;)

——— *Vel quod maledicunt liberius.*

It is hop'd, the candid reader will indulge the imitator in this ſally; which, if he be acquainted with the *perſon meant*, he will find intirely *juſt* and *picturesque*.

So, round, and round again, the glaſs we ply'd,
Till ev'ry flask [70] lay dead upon it's ſide.
All, did I ſay? [75] no! 'twas a great miſtake;
The lower houſe [73] not one repriſal make.
They watch'd the Prieſt, who look'd in doleful plight,
And ſat, [74] like, ſtatues on his left and right.

Mean time [76] the ſecond courſe before us lies,
And firſt, a diſh [79] of moſt enormous ſize;
On either ſide a long lank [77] codling ſpread,
One dripping ſauce at tail, and one at head;
Between them ſwims a turbot, [78] ſmall and black,
Half-drown'd in oil; five ſhrimps upon her back.
When thus our Landlord, [80] (twinkling half an eye)
" This fiſh is full of roe, [81] in ſeaſon, high!

" Not

Imi 73
Convivæ lecti 74
Nihilum nocuere lagenis. 75
Adfertur 76
Squillas inter 77
Muræna natantes 78
In patinâ porectâ. 79
Sub hoc herus, 80
Hæc gravida, inquit,
Capta eſt; 81
Deterior poſt partum carne futura. 82

" Not ſhotten herring worſe, in winter drawn,
" Than turbot,[82] when ſhe once has ſpent her ſpawn.
" Mix'd with[83] theſe ſhrimps (un-boil'd when they [were bought)
" 'Twas butter of the beſt,[84] from *Cambridge* brought.
" (*Cambridge*! my alma mater, candid proctor,
" Who gave me, by my proxy, *name* of doctor)
" Then oyſter liquor,[85] an improvement rare!
" More ſav'ry far, than catchop, or cavare;
" With neat *French* white-wine,[86] but full five years [old,
" The quantum what a *Florence*-flask may hold;
" This us'd[87] in dreſſing; but,[88] when fully dreſt,
" A glaſs of *Sherry*; *Sherry* then is beſt.
" And laſt, the lazy palate to excite,
" Six grains of pepper,[89] not the black, but white;
" With vinegar,[90] no ſow'r of foreign vine,
" But homebred[91] change of elderberry wine.

" I was

His miſtum jus eſt; 83
Oleo, quod prima Venafri
Preſſit cella; 84
Garo de ſuccis piſcis Hiberi; 85
Vino quinquenni,
Verum citra mare nato, 86
Dum coquitur; 87
Cocto Chium ſic convenit, ut non
Hoc magis ullum aliud; 88
Pipere albo, 89

" I was the man,[92] who jugg'd in earthern ware,
" And firſt, in her own gravy, ſtew'd the hare.
" As *Hendal* was the firſt[93] who brought in uſe,
" Crawfiſh alive, and ſav'd their nat'ral juice.
" Due praiſe to *Hendal*,[94] where his taſte is ſhown;
" I leſſen no man's worth to raiſe my own.

As thus the *Prieſt*,[95] *ſmooth-worded* and *ſmooth-fac'd*,
Diſplay'd at once his *eloquence* and *taſte*;
Sam, out-ward bound, for door miſtakes the wall,
And ſcarce[96] the ſhock'd partition ſaves his fall;
For, tho' his left ſecur'd the chine of mutton,
His ſtrong right-hand bore down[97] * Sir *William* (*Su—tt—n*;
Who down the leaf,[100] and down the table bore;
Knives, forks,[99] and plates, and diſhes ſtrew the floor.
A length of looſen'd[98] tap'ſtry wraps us round,
And well the *Prieſt* the ſubject cou'd expound;

Non ſine aceto, 90
Quod methymneam vitio mutaverit uvam. 91
Erucas virides, inulas ego primus amaras
Monſtravi incoquere; 92
Illutos curtillus echinos, 93
Ut melius muria, quam teſta marina remittit. 94
Interea, 95
Suſpenſa 96
Graves 97
Aulæa 98
Ruinas 99

* Picture of that antient knight

For *bathing*, here, the bare *Suſanna* lies;
There, either *elder* lurks with *goatiſh* eyes,
It fell, [100] and rais'd a cloud as thick and dark,
As if both * horſe and foot tore up the park.
So have † I ſeen, [102] where bright reviews extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel thro' the air, in circling eddies play,
And bear whole ranks of powder'd youth away;
The trav'ling ſempſtreſs marks, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Swords, guns, drums, trumpets, darken in her eyes,
And, ſmother'd, from the duſty whirlwind flies.
When now we found, [105] recover'd of [103] our fears,
The damag'd houſe [104] not falling round our ears,
Soon from beneath the dirty veil [106] we riſe;
(Nurs'ry of ſpiders, buggs, and fleas, and flies!)
And

In patinam fecêre, 100
Trahentia pulveris atri, 101
Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris. 102
Nos majus veriti, 103
Poſtquam nihil eſſe pericli 104
Senſimus, 105
Erigimur. 106

* Alluding to the hurricane at a late review.

† The beſt critics upon *Horace* have obſerv'd a certain ſublime and ſonorous turn in this paſſage. One of them obſerves that this expreſſion is perfectly epic.

Interea ſuſpenſa graves Aulæa ruinas
In patinam fecere.

Another, that there is great dignity in what follows;

———————*Trahentia pulveris atri,*
Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.

It was thought this pompous ſtile, upon a low ſubject, could not be more properly imitated then by a parody of theſe lines in the tragedy of *Cato.*

And refcue from the dead [107] our *routed* Hoſt;
Who *ſtar'd* as if he *look'd* for MARKHAM's *ghoſt*.
The grievous loſs unable to withſtand,
'Twas *then* the *flowing tears* [110] ran down his band;
As if he *wept* a *nephew* [109] *dead* and *gone*!
For no unmarried parſon has a ſon.

" Perhaps [111] he never more had rais'd [108] his head,
But for *wiſe G--b--s*, [112] deep in *Baxter* read;
Who, thus his ſinking friend, attempts [113] to raiſe,
With ſcraps of comfort, half in ſcripture phraſe.
" All human [114] bleſſings molder ſoon or late!—
" As ſure, [115] as unforeſeen the hand of fate!—
" On *Libanon* my angry ſword I drew;—
" And over *Edom* have I caſt my ſhoe!—

" Gird

Rufus, 107
Poſito capite, 108
Ut ſi filius immaturus obiſſet, 109
Flere. 110
Quis eſſet finis, 111
Ni ſapiens ſic Nomentanus, 112
Amicum tolleret? 113
Heu, 114
Fortuna, 115
Crudelior in nos te Deus? 116

" Gird up thy loins![116] provoke me to the fight!—
" How is the mighty fall'n from all his height!—
" But why ſhou'd man complain?—For heav'n, you (know,
" The lofty[117] humbles, and exalts the low!—
" Grief in the night, joy cometh in the morn!—
" My ſtrength, my rock, my buckler, and my *horn*!—

* His ſtring of texts thus turn'd and miſapply'd,
Varius the riſing laugh[119] cou'd barely hide;
(Burſting to hear[120] fanatic *Sancho* quote)
And ramm'd his napkin[118] half way down his throat.

This ſeeing,[121] *Balatro* our hoſt[124] addreſt,
And none knew better, or to turn a jeſt,

Or

Ut ſemper gaudes illudere rebus humanis! 117

* Nothing could place *Nomentanus* in a more ridiculous light, than this miſ-application of moral reflections on a diſaſter, which nothing but the moſt ſordid avarice could feel as a miſery; and nothing but the moſt ſlaviſh flattery term a misfortune; A canting fanatic is ever ready to make the ſame miſapplication of ſcripture ſentences. We muſt, therefore, ſuppoſe *Nomentanus* quite ſerious in the comfort he gives his friend *Ruſus Naſidienus*; and this mixture of folly and ſycophantry, as it ſets *Varius* a laughing, ſo it furniſhes *Balatro* with a fair Opportunity of exerciſing his talent of grave humour; and this he does by expoſing the ſlovenly improprieties of that oſtentatious miſer's feaſt, at the ſame time that he appears to condole with him on this unhappy accident. His whole ſpeech, duly conſidered, is one continued irony or ſneer. This is ſo obvious, that there had been no occaſion for this remark, did not the imitator apprehend that ſome of his readers may examine and cenſure this performance (as they did his *Legacy-Hunting*) by the proſe tranſlation of *Dunſtar*; the only edition of *Horace* they underſtand! And *Dunſtar* takes this paſſage in a quite different ſenſe.

Or ſport a laugh,[122] yet all appearance ſave,
With words as hum'rous, as his looks were grave.

" From ev'ry accident[123] inſtruction ſprings;
" View, here, the ſtate of ſublunary things.
" Fortune, or chance, maliciouſly ordains,
" That, rarely,[125] your returns reward your pains.
" How can I take[127] in any other ſenſe,
" That you ſhou'd *treat me* thus, at vaſt expence?
" *Me, and my friends!* and gen'roufly invite,
" And pre-ingage us *both* for noon and night?
" Diſtract your head[128] with ev'ry houſhold care;
" That one ſhou'd *cleanſe* his feet,[133] one *curl* his hair?
" *Club* both your ſleeves[132] to *breech* this country [clown,
" And *frock* him with your *own turn'd* winter-gown?
" Give your whole *cloke* to *veſt* yon aukward fellow,
" And *double-breaſt* him with your own *prunello*?

Varius mappâ 118
Compeſcere riſum 119
Vix poterat. 120
Balatro, 121
Suſpendens omnia naſo, 122
Hæc eſt conditio vivendi, 123
Aiebat: 124
Eóque reſponſura tuo nunquam eſt par fama labori. 125

" With your own flaxen *wig* that floven *deck*,
" And *dock* your *furcingle* to *wrap* his neck?
" Ev'n to the beer and bread [129] *minutely* look?
" *Forewarn* the butler, [130] and *recharge* the cook?
" (As was your *life* at ſtake, your *faith* at teſt)
" That nought *improperly* be ſerv'd or dreſt? [131]
" Yet ſhall this rogue your *whole decorum* ſpoil!
" That all your *Cambridge-butter* turn to oil!
" Another raſcal *ſtare* you *full* in face,
" And, ten times *beckon'd*, never *quit* his place!
" Another *ſhame* you with *improper* prate,
" And *drop* your knife, as he *removes* your plate!
" Another in your *lap* your *water* bear,
" As if he *meant* to *cool* you, *you know where*!
" With *ſauce* the coachman *deluge* half the room!
" And o'er the *ciſterns* fall [136] the *blund'ring* groom!
" Add

Téne, 126
Ut ego accipiar lautè, 127
Torquerier omni ſollicitudine diſtrictum? 128
Ne panis aduſtus, 129
Ne malè conditum jus 130
Adponatur; 131
Ut omnes præcincti rectè pueri 132
Comptique miniſtrent? 133
Adde hos præterea caſus; 134
Aulæa ruant ſi, ut modò; 135
Si patinam pede lapſus frangat agaſo. 136

" Add here, [134] this moſt *miracalous* deſcent;
" An ill! no *human* prudence could prevent!
" Your *borrow'd* anceſtor [135] ſhall mar the treat,
" And *ſacred* tap'ſtry finiſh your defeat.

" Yet, 'tis the *ſame*, with *militant* or *prieſt*,
" Him, that *commands* [137] an *army*, or a *feaſt*;
" His *real* worth lies [139] *cover'd* by *ſucceſs*,
" To *ſee* the *hero*, [138] *take* him in *diſtreſs*.
" What elſe made *William*, what made *Lewis* great?
" And think of *Xenophon* in his retreat?—

To this, our hoſt, [140] recov'ring half his face,
(For ev'ry word was cordial to the caſe)
" Live, *Balatro!* [141] in ev'ry wiſh live bleſt!
" As you're a *worthy* friend, [142] and *chearful* gueſt!

Then

Sed convivatoris, uti ducis, 137
Ingenium res adverſæ nudare ſolent, 138
Celare ſecundæ. 139
Naſidienus ad hæc: 140
Tibi Dî, quæcunque preceris, Commoda dent; 141
Ita vir bonus es, conviváque comis: 142
Et ſoleas poſcit. 143
Tum in lecto quoque videres 144
Stridere ſecretâ diviſos aure ſuſurros. 145
Hor. *Nullos his mallem ludos ſpectaſſe:* 146
Sed illa 147

Then *toſt* his *ſleeve*, *reſum'd* his *forward* air,
Chuckl'd a *laugh*, and *ſtamp'd*, and *left* his *chair*.
" Your aid, good madam,[143] let us down and---look!
" *Sam*, call up *Sarah*! *Sarah*, call the cook!"

Then might you ſee[144] eye follow eye, and hear
The ſtifled laughter[145] buz from ear to ear.

AUTHOR.

One of his comedies! and worth them all!
Better than that[147] he acted at * *Vaux-hall*!
But, pray, proceed,[148] the end I faign wou'd know:
Wou'd I had been ſpectator[146] of the ſhow!

LAUREAT.

While gay *Vibidius*[149] the dull pauſe ſupplies,
And ſtops each haring[150] blund'rer as he flies,

With

Redde, age, quæ deinceps riſiſti. 148
Vibidius dum 149
Quærit de pueris, 150
Num ſit quoque fracta lagena, 151
Quòd ſibi poſcenti non dentur pocula; 152
Dumque ridetur fictis rerum, 153
Balatrone ſecundo: 154
Naſidiene, redis mutatæ frontis, 155
Ut arte emendaturus fortunam. 156
Deinde ſecuti 157

* A garden of nightly pleaſure, where clergymen of gallantry may entertain ladies with *church muſic*, without the leaſt ſcandal to the cloth.

With " Friend, [151] and have you fractur'd ev'ry flask,
" That not a glaſs [152] is fill'd me when I ask? "
And while ſly *Baluzo* [154] ſlurs ev'ry joke,
Feigning [153] as if of foreign things he ſpoke;
And *gall'd* ſlow *G--b--s*, but *delighted D——t*;
Who *drank* and *laugh'd*, well *knowing* what was *meant*:
Enters the *Doctor*, [155] quite *compos'd* of face!
Reſolv'd with *art* [156] to cover his *diſgrace*.
The joſtling poſſe [157] croud on either hand;
And firſt a monſtrous [158] gundy crowns the ſtand:
Garniſh'd with onion, [160] ſalt, flour, lemmon-peal,
The *brown* of *mutton*, [159] and the *white* of *veal*!
Haſh'd duck above, ingag'd my noſe and ſight,
Serv'd rare at noon, to be ragou'd at night!
Below, was rais'd a tow'r of [161] giblet pies,
" More juicy being leſs, " (the *Doctor* cries.)

Mazonomo pueri magno diſcerpta ferentes 158
Membra gruis, 159
Sparſi ſale multo, non ſine farre, 160
Pinguibus & ficis paſtum jecur anſeris albi, 161
Et leporum avulſos, 162
Ut multò ſuaviùs, armos, 163
Quàm ſi cum lumbis quis edit. 164
Tum pectore aduſto vidimus, & merulas poni, 165
Et ſine clune palumbes. 166
Suaves res, 167
Si non cauſas narraret earum, &
Naturas dominus: 168

Here wings and legs [162] of a *diſmember*'d hare,
" To taſte and ſight [163] more delicate and rare,
" Than had they ſerv'd [164] the ſtaring creature *whole!*
" With *tail* of ſalmon, *ſweeter* than the *jole!*"
And there two plates of fowl, [165] in equal clump,
Snipe without *head*, [166] and *pidgeon* without *rump*.
Nor be forgot (the table to compleat)
Cloth duely turn'd. " Eat, gentlemen, pray eat?"
Sweet fare! [167] but *ſweeter* than his *fare* the *Prieſt*,
Like *Palmer* ſermonizing o'er the feaſt,
Th' effect and cauſe, [168] he told, of ev'ry diſh;
Whom well we puniſh'd, [169] well as you cou'd wiſh,
For now, the ſervice in full order plac'd,
Tho' each was *help*'d, [170] yet not a man wou'd *taſte*;
But riſing one and all, we fled the room,
As if a *double-wedding* [172] rais'd the fume;
As if dame *G--b--s*, [171] full of ſcent and prate,
Breath'd in each noſe, and ſputter'd in each plate.

Quem nos ſic fugimus ulti, 169
Ut nihil omnino guſtaremus; 170
Veluti ſi Canidia afflaſſet, 171
Pejor ſerpentibus Afris. 172

F I N I S.